

The Two Towers by ghiblitteritory

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Summary:

Eleven never really liked the longer days.

True, she didn't like any of the days spend in that horrid, cold carbon copy of the real world. Her real world that she'd existed in all her life, but truly lived in for only a few days.

She remembers not noticing when she got there, the monster a pile of dust at her feet. But the cold hit her fast, and it sucked her into her new reality.

Eleven-centric fic!!

The Two Towers

Eleven never really liked the longer days.

True, she didn't like any of the days spend in that horrid, cold carbon copy of the real world. Her real world that she'd existed in all her life, but truly lived in for only a few days. She remembers when she got sucked there. Fighting the Demogorgon with her last bit of strength, slipping way with each second and knowing perfectly well that she couldn't stop it. She remembers not noticing when she got there, the monster a pile of dust at her feet. But the cold hit her fast, and it sucked her into her new reality.

She was stuck in the home of that monster, and no doubt in her mind said that other monsters weren't there with her.

She grew custom to this world, and the monsters, and the days she spent running and fending. The mysterious box had been a blessing to her, for sure. She found it not long after arriving, it's appearance sudden, but not unwanted. There would be fresh food everyday, seemingly untouched by the webby grime of the world around it. She was grateful for that.

Living there wasn't any different from the lab. If anything, it was easier. There were no more tests. No more wires on her head, or.. What had Dustin called it? A... Sensory deprivation tank. It sounded right. There was no more of that, she just ran and ran and ran, fending for herself more than half of the time.

But still, the long days got to her.

It was the kind of day where she wasn't running. She wasn't running, she'd checked the box ten times before, and just found that the slimey world was boring. The excitement of her week with the boys had raised her hopes some.

On these days, she ended up in the decaying version of the Wheeler home, curled up in the basement fort- Her fort- And thinking. She would think about the boys. Lucas and his hesitance towards her, even though he warmed up in the end. Dustin and his smile, his adoration of her that would make her feel good inside, though it never showed. Will, the boy she saved from this very space, who she never met but seemed to know just as well as the other boys.

Then she'd think about Mike.

Thinking about Mike often made Eleven sad. Not the same sad she'd felt before, when she did something wrong to hurt the others around her. But the kind of sad she'd felt only once before she disappeared there. The kind that sat in her stomach the last time she'd been in her world, when she turned to look at Mike and saw the fear in his eyes and the glint of tears on his cheeks. When she knew nothing could be done. It was an empty feeling she experienced, though she didn't know it yet.

But she'd think about him, and she'd get sad. About how kind he was to her, even when she messed up, even when everyone else doubted her. About the smile he gave her, and the things he taught her. She paid such close attention to everything he showed her. Like his figurines and his comic books, the shows on the TV (That's what he called it, right?), and the Lazy Boy that his father slept in.

Eleven would get very sad at these thoughts, but the feeling was quick to leave, replaced by a hope she could still see them someday.

At times, she'd catch a glimpse of her world within that one.

The sounds of a radio far away, or the blinking of a light. Voices echoing in the air around her.

One time, while sitting in her fort, she'd heard the faint chords of some song, filling up the disturbing quiet.

"Ground control to Major Tom..."

The song played many times after, always followed by others. She could hear, very distantly, a voice singing along after it, though the voice would be quickly cut off. She never knew who it was. She didn't mind, though, letting her eyes close as she listened to the music and committed every word to her memory, along with the tune.

When she got scared, she would mumble the song to herself, wrapping herself in a hug and feeling how her hands would shake.

It always helped to calm herself down.

Things went on like this for the longest time.

Eleven didn't really know how long it was, but she knew that it was a while. Her hair grew from it's buzzcut, reaching just a little past her shoulders. She grew, too. The pink dress that once belonged to Nancy had gotten too small, so she was left with Hopper's shirt, and pants she had to tug off of some dead body in the forest that didn't fit her either, but they would do for now.

Time passed her by so quickly, and she didn't really realize it until some later point. It felt like forever before she managed to free herself.

It was an extraordinary thing when she did, however.

She wandered the dying forest, crackling fallen bits under her bare feet on her way to the box. The last time she checked it, there was this triangle shape in their, that tasted so sweet, but... Not, at the same time. It looked kind of brown, and also orange. The box it was in said 'pumpkin pie', but she didn't know what either of those things were, so she didn't care to memorize the words.

Her hands ran across the tree trunks, used to their slimy texture by now. She felt comfort in feeling her surroundings. It assured her that this was real. She had trouble believing it sometimes.

All of a sudden, there was a distant roar, clicking and high pitched.

Eleven had heard the sound many times, but it still caused her to freeze. Not soon after that, she ran like she always did. She avoided sharp branches on the forest floor as wind rushed past her, and the sound seemed to get closer and closer to her. She was going so fast, she almost missed the glow of one of the trees.

Almost.

Eleven had sped past it at first, but was quickly to slow down and back up to it again. This was more surprising than the box. She'd learned the area of the forest so long ago, and she swore that she'd never seen it. The roar sounded again. She was tempted to leave it behind, to investigate it later, but she noticed something in the glow. A line, going straight through it, and it took her a second to realize...

It was an opening. Right there, waiting for her. The roar was close now. Eleven looked behind her quickly, seeing the silhouette of the beast before she crawled through the new opening. She hit new ground with a thud, hearing the roar fade out as the opening sealed shut again. Her eyes were closed tightly, her body trembling. Only after a minute of silence did she open her eyes.

It was colorful there. The ground under her was covered in leaves, like the ones she'd seen on the tracks with Mike. She pushed herself off the ground, a sharp pain running through her arm when she did. Checking it, she noticed a gash on there, a hole ripped in the sleeve of Hopper's shirt. A branch below her gleamed in the moonlight with her blood.

There was a moment where she simply stood, taking in the woods and the moonlight and the cold. Then she smiled, and let herself fall back on the leaves, ignoring the pain and closing her eyes.

She was home.

Author's Note:

Hoo! Finally got this one! Sorry it took so long, but here it is! I've got a couple more works planned out (multiple chapter ones, hon-hon-hon), and those'll take a while, so let this tide you over! Thanks so much for your support on the last few ones!